

# Busta Rhymes, Holla

Yeah, yea  
This shit sound like..  
one two o'clock in the mornin with the full moon out  
Niggaz in they trucks creepin  
With a fresh box of ecstasy pills for these bitches

[Verse One]

Yeah, team select, please collect, G's connect  
Thieves nigga direct the trees to the SmokeFest  
Wanna take a toke? YES! The newest zone I'm in  
I'm like Smithsonian nigga, fuck it call me Napoleon  
Wave the torch, cut the head off the Leviathan  
The terminology I'm rhymin in cause a frenzy up in Ireland  
Hit ya, I'm gon get ya  
And drop the bomb scripture at your barmitzvah  
Yo, map shit out, blast through the speakers  
With a wifebeater on, Bushe below, a new pair of sneakers  
Street niggaz hang on the sidewalk, that's where I learned my fly talk  
Pimp-strut, and how to skywalk  
Moderatin how we establish the whole conglomerate  
The way we honor it, you'll never conquer it  
See how we wreck, has a global effect, on even Polish people  
Young and restless down to the old and feeble  
Peep them, Czechoslovakian to Yugoslavian niggaz  
Be all into my bounce so don't be botherin niggaz  
So NOW you should feel the whole cathedralish bounce  
Put one in your stomach leave you in a fetalish crouch, nigga  
My vernacular is spectacular  
Strategic plans'll have you lookin wacker than a postal office massacre  
Is that so? Make moves just like a fatso  
Bounce in a minivan Astro after my gat BLOW!

[Chorus]

Aiyyo, get up, get up, get dough (get dough nigga)  
Roll up, light up, and smoke that 'dro (smoke 'dro now)  
Bitch shake yo' hips and bounce real slow  
Niggaz rep yo' hood, I'm with that --  
All my nig-gaz (all my niggaz) if you with me (if you with me)  
Yeah I see you (yeah) HOL-LA  
(Throw yo' guns in the motherfuckin air, c'mon!)  
All my bitch-es, if you're with me (yeah all my bitches where you at now)  
Yeah I see you (you know I see y'all) HOL-LA

[Verse Two]

Yeah, my whole entire mindstate deeper  
than astronomy and mathematics like Galileo  
Smash you niggaz like mashed potato  
Back when niggaz used to rock Ballys and Clarks  
I used to watch, little niggaz shouldn't hustle nickel crack in the park  
Barrels spray the brighter flame in the dark  
Blood spill stain on the street, that's how niggaz be leavin they mark  
Fuckin with diplomats who love Bailey's  
Monopolize and quickly get other money fuckin with Israelis  
So solid how we be symbolic  
to a handful of niggaz that be all schemin on the same wallet  
Them type niggaz that be conspirin and kidnappin  
Shit happens! Gun clap for you in a GIFT wrappin  
You should follow how the style switch up  
Like a group of religious niggaz schemin to kill they arch-bishop  
You big pussy nigga actin all hard  
Call me atheist, because I don't believe in you God  
It's like a grand feast celebratin the bounce of the century  
I tote the recipe quick for any type of discrepancy  
Busta Rhymes the great renaissance artist and architect

Like how a Filippo Brunelleschi portrait is so hard to get  
We got the obscure shit for the street  
Nevertheless we split your head and your chest, now rock to the beat  
Yo, we got the obscure shit for the street  
Nevertheless we split your head and your chest, now rock to the beat

[Chorus w/ slightly different (ad libs)]

[Busta Rhymes]

Holla at me now, c'mon!

Yeah.. Busta Rhymes, cookin up a little brown stew chicken

Dr. Dre niggaz, yea